

Home Run Haggerty Makes a Trip to Mars

Finds the Heat So Intense That the Fences
Are Fireproof—Home Plate Melted.
Used the Sweat Ball.

When Pleiades Peterkin got us all into the autowind and started for Mars he told us how many miles we had to go, but I've forgotten the exact number. It was quite a ways, I know that, but the autowind was a fast boat, and he said he could push her to the limit, as there wouldn't be any stars to watch out for some time.

Say, if any one ever sings "Come and Take a Ride in My Airship," to you, don't do it. You'll be disappointed. I thought we had had the limit of tire-some trips the time we sailed for nine-two days out of Frisco in a schooner and got wrecked on the Island of Pulo-bene, and discovered old man Robinson an' his nine of trained monkeys an' the gorilla that ketch behind the bat. But the trip on the autowind laid over that for tire-someness. Part of the reason was that you had to stay cooped up in the cigar-shaped body of the machine, not knowin' at what minute the engine or one of the canvas wings would bust an' we'd start for glory whoopin'. It wasn't very restful to be always expectin' a thing like that, an' yet not being where you could see the fun when it happened. I began to realize what it means to be a bunch of blind kids to be dropped off a bridge in a grain sack.

Rufe Gibson, our right fielder, who is a callous cuss, said he didn't fidget that where we were, but he couldn't realize any of a man's feelin's anyway, an' we ignored him. All he was good for was ball playin' an' stowin' away grub. Couldn't take a Swim.

On the schooner goin' to Fulo-bene's island you could jump overboard occasionally for a swim, keepin' an eye out for sharks, an' have a good time in other ways, but on the autowind there was no chance of that. If you jumped off the planet that was exertin' the most influence on things just then would attract you to it, and you'd go fast—so fast that w'en you struck they'd come out with a dustpan an' brush an' some grease destroyer to clean you off the scenery. I asked Pleiades how it 'ud be if two planets wanted a feller with the same attraction—would he be safe an' just drift in the clouds—an' Pleiades said the theory seemed all right, but he wouldn't bet on it, nor try it, neither. You see, the attractions up in the sky were just like currents of water in the ocean to our ship. We were beatin' against the earth's attraction for a long time, till the State of Kansas got so it looked like a pinhead, an' then we got into the moon's attraction current an' steered out of that for Jupiter's attraction current, and Pleiades said that as soon as we hit old Mars' attraction current we'd be safe an' sound an' no trouble but to stop the machine.

We durn near was wrecked on a couple of small stars that was all black an' just laid in the air dead with no lights. Pleiades said they was shootin' stars, an' had burned out an' wasn't no good no more. "They correspond to the ice-burgs that I've read about in your oceans down in the air. I'd go hard with us if we hit one of 'em. If one of them star points jabbed through one of my sails it'd be good night for a particular fine bunch of ball players."

That seemed to make Josh Haggood jealous, for he says:

"Shucks with your encephalums of your own abilities," says he, "if you're one of them stars it'd mean that the untimely demise of the cleverest ball manager that ever sobered up a boozy pitcher, likewise a poet."

Played Every Day.

"Oh, I don't know," says Pleiades, who didn't seem to like Josh's superior bearing. "You don't run one-two-forty-seven with the managers up in Mars. Why? Because they have so much more time to play than we have. Now in your league you play about eight months, don't you—about 240 days in the year?"

Josh nodded.

"Well, up in Mars we got it fixed so the years is 657 days long, an' we play every day, so that we can figure that we're 4,000,000 miles nearer the sun than you are, an' they ain't no winter."

That kind of took the wind out of Josh. "When we finish one season we jump right in an' start another the next day," he says. "It ain't no wonder that we got it on you in cleverness w'en we play so much more than you—w'en we never quit, so to speak. No wonder the one-hand rule was put in effect—no wonder it's two strikes is out an' three balls take your base. The game has got to be harder when the players is so much cleverer."

They two was always arguin' or chewin' the rag out somethin'.

I lost track of the days we'd been away from home, and it was getting very tiresome to see nothin' but clouds an' air an' stars, an' hear the chug-chug of the p'peler an' Josh Haggood keepin' in time with it. We was all gettin' cross-grained an' ready to fight when one day Pleiades says that w'en we're in the Mars attractive current an' now we'll see God's own country. How he came to know anything about that party I didn't think to ask.

Fireproof Stands.

We hit Mars the next day, and mebbe it wasn't hot. The sweetestest day on the Kansas prairies wasn't a marker to it. The day the home plate melted down to wire grass can't be mentioned in the same breath. When we got to the ball grounds we found the grandstand an' bleachers of fireproof wood, an' the fences 'round the grounds was steel plate.

"No chance of batterin' them down," says I. "You got to put 'em over." Before I'd been in Mars a day I wanted to go home 'thout playin' any ball. My nose got burned f'm the wire in my mask w'en I went out to practice. I put on my pneumatic chest p'ector an' the air in it got so hot that finally I was lifted up a' dozen or so feet, an' the hot winds of Mars began pushin' me up, up, up, till it looked like I'd start for the earth or the sun on a little airship of my own. Pleiades had to hook up the autowind an' come after me. After that, wore a cork chest p'ector so's not to take chances.

What galled me most was the fact that w'en I fellers from the earth was losin' seven pounds of fat a minute, an' had to tie sponges on our

heads to keep the sweat out of our eyes, them Mars galeots jest pranced round, cool an' collected, snappin' things up one-headed, and thinkin' no more of their stunts than a girl pickin' berries. I seen right away that w'en the championship series of games began with the Plantvilles the next day we'd prob'ly come in for a nice, sweet trimmin'.

Relied Upon Spit Ball.

I says that to Reggie Van Rensselaer, an' he gives me the laugh.

"Jest because you're a long ways from home don't lose your nerve, you big kid," says he. "These w'en you be up to date, an' all that, but they don't know the spit ball, that's point number one; an' two strikes is out, that's point number two; and to tell you the truth, I don't see how we c'n lose."

Then he stuck his nose in the air an' went on battin' out flies; an' an uncommon good pitcher, but very much stuck on himself. I didn't share his confidence, though I was ready to fight w'ile there was a shot in the locker. The next day began the greatest game that the Alfalfas ever went into. The asbestos grandstand an' bleachers was crowded with a hot bunch of Mars people that didn't seem to mind the heat, and they were ready to go crazy any minute. They only wanted the Plantvilles to do something to make it hotter than ever.

That game run along for six innin's without a score. Reg had the spit ball workin' fine and there seemed no chance of Mars scorin', though the batters lunged at the ball like they wanted to send it back to Kansas.

There was a spy set of outfielders on the Plantvilles, and that kep' me from doin' much in the way of hittin'. These three fielders'd go diggin' out on the laved beds that made up the outfield and scoop in drives that would have been homers anywhere else. And the outfielders was impossible to get any further than second, w'en they plugged out a liner that they couldn't get on the fly.

Reg in Trouble.

In the seventh innin', though, I seen that Reg was in trouble. He wound up a couple of times and sent in wide ones that I just got on my bare hand, and then I walked out to the box.

Reg's face was pale.

"Go to heavens to gosh, Hag," says he. "We're done. We've got against it. Might's well take the count now."

"What's the trouble?" says I.

"Can't work the spit ball any more," says he.

"Why not?" says I, makin' believe I was givin' him signals.

"Cause the spit's all gone," says he. "It's turned to cotton."

"Blame 't it hadn't. He couldn't get no moisture on that ball; no, not if he'd put it in his mouth to once, like the giant in Broodingg did."

I was stumped for a minute, an' then I says:

"Give up the spit ball," says I. "Try the sweat ball."

"How's that?" says Reg.

"Try the sweat ball," says I. "Rub it on your face, where them beads of perspiration is, an' you'll get a shot on it that'll make 'em jump for cover."

Reg caught on, an' he did it. Every time he threw a ball he'd rub it on his forehead or the back of his neck, an' his perspiration was plenty. Besides, the to-backer didn't spit when it hit the mitt as it did usually, for Reg don't sweat to backer yet—though he ought to, for he chaws enough.

For twenty-six long innin's then it went, them fannin' out on the perspired peckin' right an' long, and us gettin' men on the bags most every innin', but sharp fieldin' cuttin' 'em off. An' then I pulled off a trick on 'em.

As I said, the field was mostly lava, somethin' like asphalt, only soft an' singin'. The heat kep' it that way. They have to have big cauldrons for keepin' the lava cool, or the hull blame thid'd run together in a melted mass.

Hit Into Hole.

I saw a hole about half way to the pitcher's box, in the thirty-seventh innin', that looked like it might lead to somethin' if I could place a good one right. As I said, it was no use to try to bang 'em over the fielders' heads, for they'd get 'em, so my mind went back to Silversand, the time I drove the ball into the ground in front of the plate, and they had to get a pickax to get it out; and when the pitcher sent up a lollypop drop curve, I fell on it, and it was straight for that hole in the lava.

I felt a shakin' and springin' as I tore for first base that made it seem as though the hull of Mars was tryin' to turn over in bed; there was a lot of yellin' from the grandstand, and I saw yellin' the audience second baseman as I flashed by him. Then, as I rounded third, I saw the reason for it.

Right there, midway between the pitcher's box an' home, a big bubbling, boiling, chugging, platin' lava was sprinkin' up, gettin' higher every minute, and roarin' furiously as a catamount cougher. I stopped.

"Come on in," yelled Pinch.

"An' git burnt up!" I answered.

Crowd Scared.

"Slide," yelled Pete Brown.

"Not on your bird cage," says I.

And the next minute the pitch flowed over an' over, an' covered up the home plate, an' the audience had to hustle out for fear it'd bubble up into the grandstand an' burn their feet.

After the excitement had died down a bit the emper came out an' says that it was an unfortunate case, but he couldn't say any way out but declare the game called on account of the diamond being over.

"Then we don't win?" says I. "How can you?" says he. "You ain't touched home plate yet. You got to do that to score a run."

"But there ain't any home plate," says I. "This is a roast." (It was a ball, I thought have said. But I was hot. So was everything else.)

"I can't help that," says he. "This game is called. It'll be finished tomorrow, when the diamond cools down."

Remembering what Pleiades had said about a square deal, no more an' no less, for every team in Mars, we couldn't kick. But it seemed stretching things a bit. We made a ground rule callin' for two bases on a ball-over for the next day, and packed up our bats.

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BOXING CARNIVAL AT HARPERS FERRY

Several Bouts During the
Militia Encampment.

LOWE TO MEET SCROGGS

Kid Egan and Bud Hurley in Preliminary—Soldiers Will Also Box.

A series of interesting boxing bouts has been arranged by Johnny O'Connor for Harpers Ferry next Friday night, the second night after the District militia arrives there for the annual encampment.

The star bout will be between Tommy Lowe, of this city, and Harry Scroggs, which is now being tried in Baltimore. These sturdy youths will wage war one with another for fifteen rounds at 120 pounds, and as each of them has performed some notable deeds of valor at home and abroad, there should be much sweet contention when they come together. O'Connor has been trying for a long time to get them together, but Scrapper Scroggs has kicked about the weight, and it was with much difficulty that he was persuaded to enter the arena. As Lowe made some disparaging remarks about the Scroggs young man, which were reported to the militia, it is presumed that a very pleasant evening was spent when they enter the ring.

As a prelude to these festivities there is promised a passage at arms between

Kid Egan and Bud Hurley. Egan is well known in Washington, and has had many set-to's in this section when the sheriff's failed to butt in. Hurley is an aspiring genius who leaped into fame by punching another gent's block into splinters last winter in one brief round, in which he showed signs of much promise, and it is currently reported that he is currently reported that he will cause Brother Egan to exit himself to the utmost upon the occasion of their clash next Friday.

Besides these attractions there is promised a light refreshment in the way of two bouts between bellicose prospective generals who have announced their intention to fight the ring and uphold the theory that the Anglo-Saxon list is better than the gun of the average man of other nations.

Taking it all in all, there is reason to expect a lively time while the boys are learning to chase the enemy up a tree and then knock him out with a big stick.

TRAVERS AND KIRKBY
WON AT SHINNECOCK

SOUTHAMPTON, La., July 29.—The four-ball tournament, eight-hole handicap, which this afternoon wound up the Shinnecock Hill Golf Club's annual tournament, was won by Travers and Kirkby.

It was a tie between Oswald Kirkby, Englewood, N. J., and Jerome D. Travers, of this city, 159-153, and C. J. Sullivan, Short Hills, N. J., and R. G. Miller, Southampton, at 158-153, which necessitated a play off. The second prize went to Malcolm McBurney, Stockbridge, Mass., Harvard, and U. A. Murdoch, Southampton, at 155-155. U. A. Murdoch and R. G. Miller, Southampton, pitched an eighteen-holes handicap, with 74 net. Jerome D. Travers, handicap 1, got second prize.

CHARLIE'S CARE.

Her friend, Charlie saves his money very carefully, doesn't he? He never lets me see any of it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

EPISCOPAL LEAGUE FINISH UNCERTAIN

Epiphany May Yet Lose the
Leadership.

CHRIST CHURCH SET PACE

Made Record of Seventeen Strike-Outs.
Fight for Third Place Is Close.

With the games of last Monday the regular season of the Episcopal League was closed, and the postponed games commenced.

As each team will have played twenty-four games when through, and several have only seventeen to their credit, the leaders of today, Epiphany, might lose first place, as they have three strong teams to meet for a series of four games to clinch the championship.

From the beginning of the season the fight has been a pretty one and has kept the followers of the different teams in a state of excitement. Several close games have been played and, although only one shut-out, that of Epiphany Chapel against Epiphany, has resulted, yet the scores average well and show progress in team work and individual playing.

Strike-Out Record.

Christ Church, Washington, set the pace and made the record of the regular season in strike-outs. Ricard having seventeen scalps of Epiphany Chapel on his belt, and America pitched a game against Christ Church, Georgetown, when only one hit resulted. Epiphany

ALEXANDRIA NEWS NOTES

ALEXANDRIA, July 29.—The scaffolding has been removed from the new Citizens' National Bank building, on the northeast corner of King and St. Asaph streets. The building is a one-story structure, built largely of gray stone. An up-to-date safe deposit vault has been built in the rear.

TEMPERANCE UNION LECTURE.

On Monday night in the parlors of the Children's Home, corner of Duke and Royal streets, Mrs. Mary Newton, national organizer of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, will lecture before the branch of that organization in this city.

REMODEL THE ARMORY.

The work of remodeling the armory of the Alexandria Light Infantry is about completed. On each side of the large door rooms have been built, the one on the right being intended for a reception room and the one on the left for the quartermaster. The exterior of

the building has been repainted, and the words, "Alexandria Light Infantry," have been painted in large letters over the doorway. Two crossed guns, with the letters "A. L. I." and the number 70, meaning Company G, Seventieth Virginia Regiment, have also been placed over the doorway. Improvements have added greatly to the appearance of the armory.

IN CORPORATION COURT.

In the corporation court, Judge Louis C. Bailey presiding, the following business was transacted today: Cordella A. Gilham vs. J. T. L. Preston et al., final decree entered.

GOES ON A VACATION.

The Rev. P. P. Phillips, pastor of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, will leave Alexandria for Deer Park, Md., where he will spend his vacation with his family. The Rev. L. R. Combs, of Lancaster, will occupy the pulpit at St. Paul's Church during his absence from the city.

Chapel holds the record for hits in one game, having made twenty-five in the game against St. Andrew.

The closest fight is for third place between Christ Church, Washington, and St. John, Georgetown. It will probably remain for the two games yet to be played between these teams to decide which will win the position.

Of course, being the first season and many of the players never having played in a regular season before, the start was ragged and the boys showed a great deal of nervousness, but that has almost worn off, and if the same teams can be brought together for next season some good games will result. Team work has received considerable attention in the latter part of the season when too late, but as the boys have the idea well fixed in their minds, better results will be looked for next season.

At some of the games the attendance has exceeded the expectations of every-

body, particularly at the Bureau grounds, where the attendance has been in the neighborhood of 1,200. As is in most leagues, the leading teams always draw the biggest crowds. The fair sex attend in great numbers and show as much enthusiasm as the men.

When the league was first thought of and hardly organized, a strong arm was needed to lead and to bring matters to such a state, while not perfect, yet as near perfection as could be expected under the circumstances. The success of the league has been due to the conditions as he found them, and that his efforts have been crowned with success is proven by the many conveniences the players, as well as the public, find on the grounds.

READY REFERENCE GUIDE

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

AMBROSE & MERILLAT, 453 Louisiana ave.
HOWARD BOYD, 112 Columbia Building.
H. S. HEDLIN, Warder Building (Department practice specialty).
BENDHEIM & ROTHSCHILD, 473 Louisiana

JOHN B. DASH, Federal Building.
ROBERT J. DOWNEY, Stewart Building.
GUS A. SCHULTZ, Columbia Building.
JOHN WARNOCK ECHOLS, 415 5th st.
EDWARD J. MATHER, Federal Building.
JESSE E. POTTER, 415 5th st.
MADGETT FORRESTER, Stewart Building.
JOHN RAUM, 507 E. st. n.w.
JOSEPH SALOMON, Columbia Building.
W. W. STEWART, Federal Building.
JOHN R. SHIELDS, 320 John Marshall Place.
JOHN E. TAYLOR, Columbia Building.
EDWIN L. WILSON, Federal Building.
JESSE H. WILSON & SON, 317 John Marshall Place.

ABSTRACTS, TITLE INSURANCE.
THE DISTRICT TITLE INS. CO. (W. J. Newton, Pres.; C. G. Allen, Vice Pres.; Geo. H. O'Connor, Secy.), 610 13th st. n.w.
COL. REAL EST. TITLE INS. CO., 5th and E. HOME TITLE INS. CO., 317 4th st. n.w.
LAWYERS TITLE INS. CO., 415 5th st. n.w.

ACCIDENT, HEALTH INSURANCE.
STANDARD ACCIDENT INS. CO. (C. M. Wilson, Secy.), 610 13th st. n.w.
PEOPLE'S MUTUAL BENEFIT INS. CO., 620 F. st. n.w.

ACCOUNTANT AND AUDITOR.
J. E. BATES, Wash. Loan & Trust Building.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
P. H. HENKEL, JR., & CO., 917 La. ave.
L. G. ORNDORFF, 203 7th st. n.w.
G. G. BOTTLER, 1294 2nd st.

ANIMAL HOSPITAL.
D. E. BUCKINGHAM, V. M. D., 2105 14th st.

ARCHITECTURAL IRON WORK.
E. N. GRAY & CO., 315 Main (Machinists and Foundry).
ALEXANDRIA IRON WORKS, McGill Bldg.

ARTESIAN WELL DRILLERS.
COLUMBIA PUMP & WELL CO., 614 12th st. n.w. (Pumps, Gasoline Engines).

ART AND LEADED GLASS.
COLUMBIA ART GLASS AND MIRROR WORKS, 620 G. st.

ARTIST MATERIAL.
FRED A. SCHMIDT, 516 9th st.

ASPHALT AND ARTIFICIAL STONE.
THE CRAWFORD PAVING CO., Home Life Building.

AUCTIONEERS.
JAMES W. RATCLIFFE & CO., 920 Pa. ave.
WILSON & MAYERS, 1217 G. st. n.w.

AUTOMOBILE STATIONS.
THE COOK & STODDARD CO., 1023 Conn. ave.

AUTOMOBILES FOR RENT.
AUTO LIVERY CO., 1711 14th st. n.w.

AWNING TENTS AND FLAGS.
JAS. A. NICHOLSON & SON, 1312 F. st.

BAKERS' FIL.
HOLMES & SON, 1st and E. st. n.w.

BANKS.
AETNA BANKING & TRUST CO., 1222 F. st. n.w.
NATIONAL METROPOLITAN CITIZENS BANK, 529 10th st. n.w.
LINCOLN NATIONAL BANK, corner 7th and D. st. n.w.

BAKERS' MECHANICS' NAT., Georgetown.
NATIONAL S. D. S. & T. CO., N. Y. ave. 12th and 13th st.

SECOND NATIONAL BANK, 509 7th st. n.w.
BANK OF AMERICA, 1217 G. st. n.w.
THE UNION SAVINGS BANK, 7th and M. st. n.w.
WASHINGTON SAVINGS BANK, 12th and G. st. n.w.

MERCHANTS AND MECHANICS' SAVINGS BANK, 702 G. st. n.w.

BANKERS AND BROKERS.
DELL & CO., 1405 G. st. n.w.
LEWIS JOHNSON & CO., 1319 F. st. n.w.
CRANE, PARRIS & CO., 94 14th st. n.w. (Post & Exchange, 321 F. st. n.w.)

BAR AND RESTAURANT.
AMAN'S, 216 7th st. n.w.
H. ACHTERKIRCHEN, 202 7th st. n.w.
BESSLER'S HOTEL, 222 Pa. ave.
CLARA DISMOR, 202 8th st. n.w.
JACOB BRUGER, 214 9th st. n.w.
HOTEL BURKING, 214 9th st. n.w.
DIETZ CAFE, 7th and F. st. n.w.
WM. C. TAYLOR, 212 9th st. n.w.
JOHN SCHMIDT, 202 7th st. n.w.
EMILIS WAGNER, 202 9th st. n.w.

BAR AND HOTEL GLASSWARE.
SAMUEL C. RAUB, 316 3th st. n.w.

BARBERS' SUPPLIES.
EDWARD BLEHL, 423 6th st. n.w. Phone 2542

BEDDING AND FEATHERS.
BEDELL MFG. CO., 623 and 600 D. st. n.w.

BEEF AND PROVISIONS.
N. AUTH PROVISION CO., 624 Virginia ave.

BICYCLES AND SUPPLIES.
H. F. SEAMARK, 609 F. st. n.w.
G. A. YOUNG CYCLE CO., 717 9th st.

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.
BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLINDER CO., 712 13th st.

BLUE PRINTS.
JOHN E. BURCH, Pacific Building.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.
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FIRST CO-OPERATIVE BLDG. AS., 1223 2nd st. n.w.
PERPETUAL BLDG. ASSOCIATION, 606 14th st. n.w.

BRICKMAKERS.

JACKSON-PHILLIPS BRICK CO., 615 14th st. n.w.

BRICK MANUFACTURERS.
(Machine, Hand, and Pressed).
THE STANDARD BRICK CO., 1416 F. st. n.w.
T. Walker & Co., 109 G. st. n.w.
BRO. & NEW WASHINGTON BRICK CO., H. Graulic P. Brick Co., Mertens & Agnew Co.)

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W. H. H. ALLEN, 612 F. st. n.w.
J. LEONARD, 217 13th st. n.w.
JAMES L. PARSONS, 1425 N. Y. ave.
SAMUEL J. PRESCOTT & CO., 15th and G. st. n.w.
JOHN F. NEWTON, 1008 F. st. n.w.

BUILDING SUPPLIES.
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BUTTER, EGGS, AND POULTRY.
MILLER & ROLLER, 927 La. ave.
J. D. WATERMAN, 210 9th st. n.w.
W. E. BARNES & CO., 238 10th st. n.w.
D. W. BALLINGER, 218 10th st. n.w.
GOLDEN & COMPANY, 222-228 La. ave. and 10th st.

THE HICKMAN CO. (Inc.), La. ave. and 10th st.

BUTTER, CHEESE, AND EGGS.
JAMES P. OYSTER, 900-902 Pa. ave.

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.
WM. BALLANTYNE & SONS, 429 7th st. n.w.
WASHINGTON NEWS CO., 515 5th st. n.w.

BRASS BEDS AND BEDDING.
F. A. LINGER (Mattress Factory), 811 7th st.

CARRIAGE AND HARNESSES.
S. J. MEERS' SONS, 622 G. st. n.w.
J. D. WATERMAN, 210 9th st. n.w.
WALTER J. COGSWELL, 208 11th st. n.w.
THOS. E. THREASDA, 456 Pa. ave.

CATERERS.
LA PETRA'S, 11th and G. st. n.w.

CATTLE, POULTRY, AND EGGS.
KREG, PRICE & CO., 333 Louisiana ave.

CEMENT AND PLASTER.
J. G. WATERS & SON, 1945 2nd st.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
WASHINGTON TOBACCO CO., 618 Pa. ave.

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JAMES BERNAL, 125 Bond Building.

CLOTHING AND HATS.
HENRY J. GOODMAN, Pa. ave. and 11th st.

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THE SIMPSON COMPANY, 1229 F. st. n.w.
J. H. CRANE & CO., Jenifer Building.
J. M. STOUT-KOTON, 1416 F. st. n.w.